

# THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"VISITING EVERY FLOWER WITH LABOUR MEET,  
AND GATHERING ALL ITS TREASURES, SWEET BY SWEET."

VOL. I.....NEW SERIES.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1812

[NO. 17.]

THE

## UNWILLING IMPOSTOR.

A TALE.

*Translated from the French.*

THE party sat down to supper; an elegant repast covered the table; but the marquis found it tasteless and insipid, for the fair Agnes was not present. The baron perceived that his guest did not enjoy the meal, and vainly endeavoured to make him taste of every different dainty. The marquis pleaded fatigue, and retired as soon as he could with propriety quit the table. His valet attended him; he was a faithful servant, and had been his favourite companion from the days of infancy; in sickness Lamberti had watched by him with the solicitude of a brother; had administered the medicines prescribed, always carried him in his arms to the carriage, amused him with laughable stories, and played diverting tunes on the guitar to enliven his young master. These kind offices so endeared him to the grateful marquis, that all considerations of high birth were forgotten in esteem and affection; and it was only in public that he ever treated him as a domestic. Full of a sentiment so new as that which now occupied his breast, he endeavoured not to conceal it from his confidential friend.

"My dear Lamberti," said he, "you have no occasion to reproach me any longer with insensibility and that dislike of the sex for which you have so often rallied me. I have found in this mansion an object likely to make me change those sentiments, and become as ridiculous in the opposite extreme." "Pardon me, my lord," replied Lamberti, "if I cannot agree with you; no man can be ridiculous in paying homage to that sex to which we owe our first life, our first nourishment, and the sweetest pleasures which we ever can enjoy. No, my lord, nothing can equal the delight of a virtuous attachment." "You are an enthusiast, Lamberti: happily for you, you have always been a successful lover; with me the case may be different. The sweet Agnes is the object of my admiration; but I fear her heart is engaged to a more worthy advocate." "Why, as to that, my lord, it is, to be sure, impossible to love without fear; and even the most amiable women are sometimes so blinded by partiality, that they do not unfrequently bestow their hearts on worthless men." "Should I be successful in engaging her regard," resumed the marquis, "I have no doubt of obtaining the consent of the baron to espouse his niece." At these words Lamberti smiled significantly. "There is very little fear of that, indeed, my lord, unless he should wish you to espouse his daughter." "His daughter! that affected creature! No, Lamberti, I could never agree to such a thing. Simple nature is what I prize; affected man-

ners seldom cover a pure heart: pride and conceit too strongly mark the character of Mademoiselle Du Tuniere." "Well, my lord, you must know best: you have seen more of the ladies than I have; but for all that, I can foresee obstacles which have not yet occurred to you; obstacles which, if they will not entirely cure this sudden and violent passion, will, in a great measure, check its ardour." "You astonish me, Lamberti; to what can you possibly allude?" "I have no motive for secrecy, my lord; and if you are not too much disposed to sleep, perhaps you will have no objection to listen to a story that will take up about a quarter of an hour's time." "If it relates to Agnes, you may talk all night; so sit down, my good fellow, and begin; I am all impatience."

"Perhaps, my lord," said Lamberti, "you did not take notice, that when you were introduced to madame the baroness in my presence, I uttered an involuntary exclamation of surprise; and that she regarded me with a scrutinizing glance which convinced me that my features were recognized by her." "Indeed I did not; but how do you account for this?" "Thus, my lord:—It is about sixteen years ago that my lord the marquis, your father, sent me to Rochelle, to attend the unloading of a vessel in which he had an interest. I arrived some time before the ship, which was detained by adverse winds. Not knowing any one in the town, I diverted myself as well as I could, and was continually on the quay, where I got acquainted with several of the sailors. Among them was a pleasant fellow, named Du Bac; and he attracted my attention by the companion who usually attended him: this was a female, about twenty years of age, remarkably handsome, and very gaily dressed. I enquired who she was. "It is my wife," replied the sailor with an air of chagrin. The tone in which he replied to my question excited my surprise and curiosity; and to tease him, I continued the conversation, by congratulating him on possessing such a charming woman. "Pity me, rather," replied Du Bac; "I am the most miserable dog in existence; for if I had known the evils attendant on the possession of a handsome wife, I would have rather married the ugliest witch in the king's dominions." From these words it was not difficult to guess, that however his eyes might be delighted with the beauty of his wife, his heart was not so completely satisfied of her virtue; and I soon learnt, that Jeanne du Bac was shy of no one, and that her husband was the man who in all the world she disliked the most."

"Prithee," said the marquis, "let me hear no more of the sailor and his bargain; if you intend it as a moral lesson, I am much obliged to you; but what have I to do with Jeanne du Bac?" A great deal more than you think, my lord; and now, to punish your impatience, I will keep you a little longer in suspense." "You are an impudent rogue," said the marquis, half laughing and half vexed; "but proceed with your story."

"Well, my lord, I completed the business which had detained me, and returned to the castle; but I must confess, that the pretty Jeanne du Bac had so bewitched me, that I could hardly think of any thing else. At the death of the marquis, I acquainted you that a considerable sum of money remained in the hands of a merchant at Rochelle; and as you were wholly ignorant how to transact such concerns, you desired me to go thither, and settle the accounts in a proper manner. This order gave me great pleasure. I did not neglect the opportunity of seeking Du Bac. He happened to be in port, and received me with kindness. I enquired after his wife, and demanded whether he had any little ones. "I had a girl," said he, "at least her mother did me the honour to say she was mine," "Is she dead, then?" "That is more than I can tell," replied he; "while I was absent on a voyage, soon after you left us, Jeanne thought proper to abscond, taking with her all the little I had scraped together; what she did with the child I know not; poor little thing, no good, I fear." I was concerned at this intelligence, and thought Du Bac entitled to a better fate; but I was glad to see that he bore it with so much philosophy: I took leave of him, and we parted. I had nearly forgotten this affair, when, on entering the chateau this day, I was struck at the sight of the baroness, and felt satisfied that she was the identical Jeanne du Bac."

"Impossible," cried the Marquis. "There may be a likeness which deceives you." "I should have thought so, but she evidently recollected me, and I resolved at all hazards to know the truth. When I was dismissed to join the servants below, I fell into a conversation with a grey-headed old man, who has been in the baron's family many years. Among other things, he mentioned that his master used to be very fond of travelling formerly. I enquired if he had ever been at Rochelle. "Aye, that he has to our sorrow," said the old man, shaking his head; "that was his last expedition, for it was there he fell in love with our present mistress; she is a native of that place, and, between ourselves, gives no very favourable specimen of her countrywomen. To be sure, she behaves very well to the young lady her daughter-in-law; but she is not a kind mistress; and is so harsh to that sweet girl, Miss Agnes, that we all feel for her. She is made almost a prisoner, and is allowed no other company than an old nurse: it was the greatest chance in the world that your master saw her; but the baron was not expected to bring home company, or she would have been confined to her chamber." All these circumstances convinced me, that this Madame du Tuniere is no other than my quondam acquaintance Jeanne du Bac, and the pretty Agnes her daughter; though, for several reasons, they pass her off as the baron's niece. Thus, my lord, my attachment to you makes me anxious to keep you from forming an alliance with one of such doubtful origin; since, whatever the young lady's merit may be, it would become the illustrious Marquis de



Montolieu to unite himself with a girl, whose mother is of such infamous repute."

While Lambert was speaking, the Marquis evinced the most violent agitation; and at the conclusion, grasping the hand of his trusty companion, he said, "My good friend, I thank you for your caution; from what I have myself observed, I fear your suspicions are but too well founded. There is certainly a mystery in this family which it shall be my care to discover. At any rate, make yourself perfectly easy on my account; I may be wretched at heart, but I will never disgrace my family. In the course of a few days we may make more discoveries: till then, be silent and vigilant." Lambert promised to obey his orders scrupulously, and then retired for the night.

TO BE CONTINUED.

### LEWELLIN AND THE BARD;

OR,

### THE SORROWS OF EDITHA.

.....

A Cambrian Romance.

LEWELLIN, a prince descended from a long line of illustrious ancestors, was possessed of every charm to captivate hearts, and conceal the errors which mistaken indulgence, and interested adulation, had given rise to, in those youthful days, when pleasure's seducing tongue leads the inexperienced mind too easily astray.\* Majestic in person, elegant in manners, and liberal in disposition, Lewellin was the object of universal admiration, and the dark shades which would have obscured his character, were banished by the dazzling radiance of many princely virtues. The Loves and the Graces entwined the chaplets which adorned his brow; Taste looked up to him for instruction, and modest genius claimed his patronage. Such was Lewellin, when in the festive hall he mingled courteously among his guests, and became the soul of conviviality. It was on one of these occasions that Madoc, the bard, stepped forward and bespoke his attention to a lay, which promised to interest the heart of every hearer. Soon the bustling tumult of the crowd was hushed to silence; the frolic dance was suspended, and expectation marked every feature. Madoc swept the strings of his harp with scientific execution; the prelude was wild, though melodious, and his voice faltered with contending emotions as he commenced the song, which was to describe the sorrows of the injured Editha—the strain ran thus—

"Sad is thy task, O Madoc, to sing the woes of suffering innocence; unfeeling must be the heart which bleeds not for thy distress; bereft of every hope the lovely mourner sits on yonder craggy cliff; her golden tresses floating in the air, her garments loose and unregarded, prove her disordered state, while her tear-swollen and aching eye scans that cruel ocean which separates her from her home, her kindred and her friends. But what Sylph-like form is that which glides in silence by her side, watching each look and motion with tenderest filial love? Now they embrace; the scalding tears of anguish fall on the infant's rosy cheek; a thousand painful recollections dart across the

\* We leave it to Chronologists to determine the dates, which may be ascertained by the subsequent events.

troubled brain of Editha, who clasps the sobbing Ellenor still closer to her breast. The chilling rain falls fast around; with tottering steps she hastens to her solitary dwelling, and there—Oh fate! why dost thou persecute the innocent? another deeper pang of misery awaits her. Slain by the hostile foe, her gallant sire has breathed his last; her native land become a scene of desolation, affords her now no hope of solace or protection, while her licentious lord, far distant, heedless of her woes, revels in luxury and joy.—"

"Hold, presumptuous bard!" cried Lewellin: "thy theme displeases me; thy well varnished tale may catch the ear, and sounding fiction easily mislead the sense. No more of this." Madoc bowed in silence; his proud heart swelled indignantly, and, quitting the hall sorrowfully, retraced his footsteps to the castle, where, wrapped in speechless woe, fair Editha awaited his return.

The ill success of his mission was stamped upon his furrowed features. "Alas! exclaimed the wretched princess, no hope remains for me; Lewellin's heart is steeled against me, and death alone can terminate my misery: yet ere I die I will unfold to you, my aged friend, each action of my life, and if in any, you perceive I have transgressed against Heaven's mandates, or the social duties which man owes to man, reprove me, and implore forgiveness of the power I have offended. The only child of the brave Hubert, was in her infant days reared with such tender care, that sanguine fancy pictured life a scene of varying rapture; domestic pleasure ever before my eyes, filled my young breast with sweet anticipation, and rapturously I hailed the hour when first Lewellin, mingling in the crowd of my admirers, sought my hand. To see, and not to love him was impossible; fame spoke loudly in his favour, and his insinuating graces soon confirmed the partial prepossession. With tenderest assiduity he strove to dissipate those timid fears which made me shrink reluctant from ties which must for ever separate me from my doating parents; but in such tender accents did Lewellin urge his suit, and paint his native land in such alluring colours, that novelty augmented every charm, and love became triumphant. Short was the dream of bliss; coldness succeeded to possession; entangled in the chains of a bewitching Siren, Lewellin was a willing captive; unable to dissemble, and generous even in injustice, Lewellin owned to me this fatal preference. My vehement remonstrances excited his aversion; alike disgusted by my tears or my caresses, he left me to bewail in solitude my wretched fate." Editha, subdued by the most painful emotions, was unable to proceed, and Madoc, fearful of renewing the subject, urged her to retire.

TO BE CONTINUED.

### FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

The following piece of elegant selected poetry, is calculated in a very eminent degree to fix the attention, and interest the feelings.

### From the Journal of Osmyn, THE MINSTREL.

IN the luminous moments of passion and soul,  
When like the bright sun-beam that mellows the sky;  
The tremulous thrillings of transport have stole  
O'er my bosom and hallowed each thought with a sigh.

Through the golden-hued regions of fancy I've stray'd  
For the loveliest being its mirror could show,  
With a smile to enrapture—a voice to persuade—  
With a spirit as pure as her ruby lip's dew:

For a nymph who was all that was gentle and kind,  
Whose form of most exquisite beauty and grace,  
Was a casket to shrine the rich gem of her mind—  
Was a temple resplendant with purity's trace.

But when in this mystical trance was resigned  
All below for the fairy thronged climes of the air;  
And the sensitive eye of my tranquilized mind  
Was hung with fond gaze on this paragon there;

I have saddened to think that I ne'er could be blest  
In the world's mazy range with a woman so dear;  
Who was all that an angel above had caressed;  
Who was more than a mortal had languished for here;

And have said as I glanced on the earth far behind,—  
Ah! why did this magical witchery mould  
Such perfection as nature has never designed,  
For the ignoble lap of creation to hold.

Oh! I then little thought that such graces divine,  
E'er would beam on my view when the vision should fade;

No form that is mortal, I said, can enshrine  
Such a soul as the dreams of my fancy have made:—

But thou art the twin of that image I wove,  
In those luminous moments of feeling and fire;  
For in goodness thou'rt all which an angel can love,  
And in beauty all men can, to doat on, desire.

## Variety.

### ANECDOTE OF PAUL, EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

From Clarke's Travels.

WHEN the late empress of Russia died, her son and successor caused the body of his father to be taken up, and laid in state, by the coffin of his mother, in the palace at Petersburg. It is said there was only one person, an archbishop, who knew where they had laid him; as he was interred without monument or inscription, in the church of St. Alexander Newski. Orlof, his murderer, was then at Moscow. An order from the emperor brought him to Petersburg; and when the bodies were removed to the church of St. Peter and St. Paul, in the citadel, he was compelled to walk in the procession from the palace to the citadel, following the body of the person he had murdered so long before. It was then the people of Petersburg beheld an interesting spectacle. The bodies were drawn upon low chariots by horses. Immediately after the coffin of Peter the Third, and close to it, walked, with slow and faltering steps, the assassin Orlof—his eyes fixed on the ground, his hands folded, and his face pale as death. Next to Orlof walked the emperor, certainly manifesting, by this sublime though mysterious sacrifice to the manes of his father, an action worthy of a great character.

Philip of Macedon, after he had, by destroying the liberties of Greece, raised himself to the sovereignty of that country, afraid lest he might forget his condition of mortality, caused a page to awaken him every morning, with these remarkable words: "*Philip, remember thou art mortal!*"

The human mind can never rest on the evanescence of uncertainty; but is always anxious for the stability of truth. Let truth be gained and the mind is passive, or wanders after new secrecy and new development.



In other men we faults can spy,  
And blame the mote that dims their eye,  
Each little speck and blemish find,  
To our own stronger errors blind — GAY.

THE mental eye like the corporeal, while it sees every other thing, takes no notice of itself; so that it is extremely difficult, to place it at a distance, and to make it its own object. *Cassius* in *Shakespeare*, offers himself to *Brutus* as a mirror to turn his hidden worthiness into his eye, that he might see his shadow; — I your glass

Will modestly discover to yourself,  
That of yourself, which yet you know not of.

But as we are not now so very modest, it would be rather more necessary for our friends to hold a glass to reflect our hidden deformity. Were this the case, few but would start appalled, from the hideous spectre, and fewer still would believe, when told like *David*, even by a prophet, *thou art the man*. A well drawn picture would appear a mere caricature, and a true description, rather an *ens rationis* than having a real archetype in existence.

What sad work this faithful mirror would make at a party, or an assembly room. Mr. —, who now struts with so fair and sleek an outside, and shines a star of the first magnitude in the *bon ton hemisphere*, would appear the *magnus ura*. *Jacky*, *Jemmy* and *Joe* would retire from the view, and shrink into their native insignificance. The beautiful *Euphrasia* too, who like the moon, shines with borrowed light; as by the torch of truth, would see her lustre wholly faded. Even the lovely *Celia* herself, would wish to break this wicked glass.

The media we look through, are generally high coloured by our passions, and for the most part present only pleasing images, and give the fairest symmetry and proportion to our actions; if they appear to others in a different light, why they look through the wrong end of the perspective. But the foibles and oddities of others are not placed in so favourable a point of view, but are seen rather through glasses which heighten the deformity, and swell the minutest foible to a monstrous size. While we look with astonishment at the peculiarities of others, our own pass wholly unnoticed, or are surveyed only with an eye of cool regard. We are struck with the singularity of taste among the Chinese, where black teeth and pinched up feet constitute beauty, without reflecting how they would be struck with full bottomed wigs, crape cushions, swelled out farapets, screwed up waists, plump bishops, and hoop petticoats. This blindness to our own whims and foibles, will appear better by the following tale, in imitation of *Peter Pindar*.

Some people have a taste that's something strange,  
And think it must be pleas'd at any rate,  
Nature in others, they suppose may change,  
Its whims in them, on no such reas'ning's wait.

Of this plain principle, the following story,  
For illustration's sake, I'll lay before ye.

A Yankee and a Frenchman once at table met,  
Midst roots and vegetables in chequer'd sate;  
A platter furnished with fat pork appear'd,  
And eke a monstrous jug, for what—the Frenchman never heard.

The Yankee took the jug sans ceremonie,  
And having drawn the gluey, corn-cob cork,  
He pour'd and trailed the lasses o'er the pork,  
And then sat down to eat.

The Frenchman stretch'd his wond'ring eyes, and rose,  
Lugg'd out his box of best rapee,  
He did not want it for his nose,  
But pepper'd well the meat.  
While with sarcastick shrug, he gave this huff,  
"You love de lasses sar, me love de snuff."

MORAL.

The difference of taste is not a fit matter for dispute.

Four soldiers dressed in uniform were this week walking down Greenwich Street in serious conversation; when one of them observed—that it was said—"Narrow is the way that leads to life:—but we all are in the broad road to destruction."—what an excellent pun for a soldier!—

## Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1812.

## WEEKLY RETROSPECT.

BY the ship *Hunter*, arrived at Boston, 43 days from Cadiz, the following articles of intelligence are received—That the French continues to bombard Cadiz, but without much effect—that the French forces under the command of Gen. Bonnet have evacuated the province of Asturias having suffered losses of considerable consequence in retreating; that the 2d and 3d divisions of the army of Galicia are enabled from the result of those circumstances to advance and commence the siege of Astorgas; that the country on the Ezla and Cea, being left entirely abandoned, the principal chiefs of the Guerrillas, had united their forces at Leon, and other places; that the forts of Salamanca having resisted the attacks of the 23d, in which Gen. Bowes was killed the artillery began to throw red hot shot on the evening of the 26th against the principal convent; the edifice was in a few hours set on fire, when the commander surrendered; that the head-quarters of the British and Portuguese army was at Passares on the 30th June; that on the 5th July the command of the Bay of Cadiz was resigned to the English Admiral, by the Regency of Spain; that the French have made a line of communication by land from Sigüenza, seizing all the cattle; that Joseph was at Madrid on the 19th of June: he was preparing for his departure, and it was supposed he would go to Valencia; that Gen. O'Donnel with 14,000 men has gone into Valencia, leaving 4000 for observation in the line of Murcia; that in the army of Soult there had been frequent desertions, and likewise that of Marmont. Old Castile is to be the theatre of extensive operations. The French have reconcentrated themselves in Granada, and the third army extends itself as far as Gandix; that Soult had taken refuge in Seville, and that the French collect together and carry to Cordova, all the quicksilver they can get.

Accounts from the Spanish Main confirm the account of the province of Venezuela being in the complete possession of the Spanish royalists.

We have nothing new or very interesting, since our last, from the Northern Army. Its augmentation appears to be rapidly increasing by troops from different quarters of the country—preparatory, it would seem shortly, to active operations.

Gen. Bloomfield has left Trenton, and joined the head quarters at Green Bush.

A letter from Chillicothe says, Our troops have taken two British vessels a few days since, at Detroit, passing from Michilimacana to Malden, with American prisoners taken at the former place.

The account we gave last week of an armistice being ratified by the President, appears is not correct, neither have we any official account of the surrender of Fort Malden: indeed such is the state of the public mind on passing events, that mere rumours and fabricated accounts (of which there are plenty afloat) are readily substituted for what, were it possible, should only be published.

Privateering goes on briskly: scarcely a day passes but we have accounts of the arrival of prizes, and some of them very valuable, at different ports in the United States: nor does it appear that the British are slack in their operations on the sea, tho' they have lost several prizes by re-capture.

Within the course of the week several children of this city have been accidentally drowned, which should be a caution to parents and others, how they permit boys to go alone a boating, and small children to stray from home.

There has been no arrival since our last from England; neither have we heard any thing from Commodore Rodgers that can be depended on.

## Nuptial.

LET the merry bells ring round  
Let the sprightly tabor sound;  
Hymen wears a habit gay,  
For Cupid 'tis thy holiday.

## MARRIED.

By the rev. Archibald Maclay, Mr. Samuel Nutman, of Newark, to Miss Isabella Dunlap, of this city.

By the rev. Gerardus Kuypers, Mr. Anthon A. Bentner, to Miss Mabel Phoebus.

At New-Jersey, on Monday evening last, Mr. Daniel Goodwin, to Miss Mary Pray, eldest daughter of the late Capt. John Pray of this city.

## Obituary.

"Our dying friends are pioneers, to smooth  
Our rugged pass to death; to break those bars  
Of terror, and abhorrence, nature throws  
'Cross our obstructed way, and thus to make  
Welcome as safe, our port from every storm!"

## DIED.

In this city, after a short illness Miss Mary Lott, aged 16 years, daughter of Mr. Andrew Lott.

Mrs. Sarah N. Peckwell, wife of Henry W. Peckwell, in the 35d year of her age.

Mr. Philip E. Buckle, aged 31.

Of a lingering illness, Peter P. Van Zandt, esq. aged 82 years.

Mrs. Elizabeth Haviland, widow of the late Elias Haviland in the 34th year of her age.

Mr. James Moor aged 32 years.

The entire head of a man, apparently about thirty years of age, drifted ashore a few days ago, at the Narrows, and was decently interred: how it came separated or to whom it belonged, is unknown.

On the 20th day of the 8th month, (August) 1812, Doctor Ebenezer Blachly, of Paterson, N. J. aged 51 years.—He fell in the meridian of his usefulness: he has closed the morning of a sad and stormy life, replete with cares and exertions of mind and body. His complaint, which was of the most painful, and afflictive kind, tortured his bowels, day and night, with excruciating agonies, for nearly a year or more. It is however, a consolation, that his mind and faith were not wrecked in his last deeply exercising moments.—On the day preceding the morning of his exit, he dictated a solemn charge to his dear friends; and at the closing scene, bestowed with great composure of mind a benediction on each of his relations present. He retained his senses to the last, and wished for the moment to arrive when the divine will, to which he desired patiently to submit, would launch his soul into eternity.

"Life, makes the soul dependant on the dust;  
Death, gives her wings to mount above the spheres;  
Thro' chinks, styled organs, dim life peeps at light:  
Death bursts the involving clouds, and all is day:  
All eye, all ear, the disembodied power."

At the seat of Richard Stockton, esq. near Princeton, on the 21st inst. Miss Julia R. Boudinot, daughter of the Hon. Elisha Boudinot, of Newark.

On the 22d inst. in Burlington, N. J. John Cooper Allison, aged 26.

At Newark, N. J. Mr. Henry P. Kip, aged 31 years.

At Middletownpoint, N. J. Mr. John Thomson, late of this city, aged 89 years.

On the evening of the 9th inst. in the Pennsylvania Hospital, John Heard, late master of the British brig *Ranger*, in consequence of a wound received in the capture of said vessel by the privateer *schr. Matilda*. His remains were, on Friday morning interred with military honours.

Lately in France, M. Sonnini, the celebrated traveller.

The city inspector reports the deaths of 49 persons, from the 15th to the 22d inst.



## Seat of the Muses.

Thy voice, benign enchantress! let me hear,  
Say that for me some pleasures yet shall bloom;  
That fancy's radiance, friendship's precious tear,  
Shall soften, or shall chase, misfortune's gloom."

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

### KATE AND HER SHELLS.

AS Kate was strolling on the strand,  
Her eyes with wonder did expand,  
To see the beach bestrew'd with shells,  
More richly dress'd than City Bells.  
This one a precious golden hue,  
And that a shining azure blue:  
Here a pale straw—or crimson bright,  
And there like snow, a spotless white.  
Her absent sisters first to please,  
The little shining shells she'd seize;  
And when the numbers multiplied  
With care her handkerchief she tied;  
And swell'd the little precious store,  
Till it could scarcely hold one more,  
Then out of breath her task she plied,  
And laughing said I'm satisfied—  
I'll hasten home, my dear papa,  
And show my treasure to Mamma.  
But stop—I cannot let this pass;  
Its surface is as smooth as glass,  
And oh papa—since you were born,  
Did e'er you see so sweet a horn!  
Pray stop papa, I must have this,  
How it will please my little siss,  
And oh good patience! Here's another,  
I'll take this one for little brother,  
And now my honest word is past  
This pretty shell shall be my last.  
With pleasure then we turn'd our feet  
To Barns' hospitable seat:  
But little Kate had got that itch  
Which often seizes on the rich:  
For though she scarce could grasp her store  
She looked and sigh'd and wish'd for more.  
She would not break the vow she'd made,  
But still by avarice betray'd,  
The smaller ones she would discharge,  
And others take more bright and large:  
Until her store a burden grow'd  
And she could scarce support her load.  
In this I but a picture find  
Of grown up children—half mankind,  
Who toil, and drudge, from day to day,  
To gather heaps of shining clay,  
And when they gain their first desire  
To some new point they still aspire.  
This pleasure, or that shining grace,  
This golden prize—that powerful place,  
As they pursue the phantom flies,  
New wants and wishes still arise;  
O'erburdened still they onward plod  
And worship gold instead of God.  
They'll wish perhaps when 'tis too late  
They'd gathered shells with playful Kate.

Staten-Island Sea-beach,

July 25, 1812.

### SONNET.

WHEN the poor Exile, rent with madd'ning anguish,  
Leaves the dear confines of his native shore,  
How fondly bent his streaming eye-balls languish  
On the lov'd sea-beach he shall tread no more!  
Fann'd by the rising gales, in gentle motion  
Soft o'er the waves the bounding vessel flies;  
Unpitied distance lengthens o'er the ocean,  
And the white cliffs recede before his eyes.  
Ah! mark him now...with silent grief heart-broken,  
He leans impending o'er the ruff'd tide,  
To catch with parting glance the last sad token  
Of all he cherish'd once, or own'd with pride:  
Fast gushing tears impede the fond endeavour,  
And the dear valu'd scenes are lost for ever.

## Morality.

WATTS, ON THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE MIND.

LET the enlargement of your knowledge be one constant view and design in life; since there is no time or place, no transactions, occurrences, or engagements, which exclude us from this method of improving the mind. When we are alone, even in darkness and silence, we may converse with our hearts, observe the workings of our own spirits, and reflect on the inward motions of our passions, in some of the latest occurrences in life; we may acquaint ourselves with the powers and properties, the tendencies, and inclinations, both of body and spirit, and gain more intimate knowledge of ourselves. When we are in company we may discover something more of human nature, of human passions and follies, and of human affairs, vices and virtues, by conversing with mankind, and observing their conduct. Nor is there any thing more valuable than the knowledge of ourselves and the knowledge of men, except it be the knowledge of God, who made us, and our relation to him as our Governor.

When we are in the house, or the city, wheresoever we turn our eyes, we see the works of men; when we are abroad in the country, we behold more of the works of God.—The skies and the ground, above and beneath us, and the animal and vegetable world round about us, may entertain our observation with a thousand varieties. Endeavour, therefore, to derive some instruction or improvement of the mind, from every thing which you see or hear: from every thing which occurs in human life; from every thing within you, or without you.

Fetch down knowledge from the clouds, the stars, the sun, the moon, and the revolutions of all the planets. Dig and draw up some valuable meditations from the depths of the earth, and search them through the vast oceans of water. Extract some intellectual improvement from the minerals and metals; from the wonders of nature among the vegetables and herbs, trees and flowers. Learn some lessons from the birds and beasts, and the meanest insect. Read the wisdom of God, in his admirable contrivance of them all: read his almighty power, his rich and various goodness, in all the works of his hands.

From the day and night, the hours, and the flying minutes, learn a wise improvement of time, and be watchful to seize every opportunity to increase your knowledge.

From the vicissitudes and revolutions of nations and families, and from the various occurrences of the world, learn the instability of human affairs—the uncertainty of life—the certainty of death: from a coffin and a funeral, learn to meditate on your own departure.

From the vices and follies of others, observe what is hateful in them: consider how such a practise looks in them, and remember, that it looks as ill, or worse, in yourself. From the virtues of others, learn something worthy your imitation.

From the deformity, the distress, or the calamity, of others, learn thankfulness to God, who has formed you in a better mould, and guarded you from those evils. Learn also the sacred lesson of contentment in your own estate, and compassion to your neighbour under his miseries.

From your natural powers, sensations, judgment, memory, hands, feet, &c. make this

inference—that they were not given you for nothing, but for some useful employment, to the honour of your Maker, and for the good of your fellow-creatures, as well as for your own best interests and final happiness.

From the sorrows, the pains, the sicknesses and sufferings that attend you, learn the evil of sin, and the imperfections of your present state. From your own sins and follies, learn the patience of God towards you, and the practice of humility toward God and man.

Thus from every appearance in nature, and from every occurrence of life, you may derive natural, moral, and religious observations, to entertain your mind—as well as rules of conduct in the affairs of this life, and that which is to come.

## Anecdotes.

At a race in the North, among other horses who started for the plate, was one called Botheram. An Irishman, taking a fancy to the name, betted large odds in his favour. Towards the conclusion of the race, his favourite happened to be in the rear of all, on which Paddy exclaimed, "Ah! by my soul, there he is!—Botheram for ever!—See how he drives them all before him!"

When Lully, the celebrated composer, was once deemed dangerously ill, his friends sent for a confessor, who, finding his situation critical, and his mind agitated and alarmed, told him there was only one way by which he could obtain absolution, and that was by burning all that he had composed of his new opera, to shew a sincere repentance for the sins he had committed by publishing so many. Remonstrance was vain, Lully burnt his music, and the confessor, after performing the holy office, withdrew. Lully soon after grew better, and a nobleman, who was his patron, calling to see him, was informed of the sacrifice which had been made. "And so," said he, "you have burnt your opera,—and you are really such a block-head as to believe in the gross absurdities of a monk?"—"Stop, my friend, stop," said Lully, whispering in his ear, "I knew very well what I was about, *I have another copy.*"

An old Roman soldier being involved in a law-suit, implored the protection of Augustus, who referred him to one of his courtiers, for an introduction to the judges. On which the brave veteran, piqued at the Emperor's coolness, exclaimed, "I did not use your Highness thus, when you were in danger at the battle of Actium; but fought for you myself!" disclosing at the same time, the wounds he had received on that memorable occasion. This report so affected Augustus, that he is said to have personally pleaded the soldier's cause.

Zeno being told, that love was unbecoming a philosopher: If this were true, replied Zeno, the fate of the fair sex would be lamentable, not to be beloved but by fools.

PRINTED BY

JAMES ORAM,

NO. 241, PEARL-STREET.

WHERE PRINTING IN GENERAL IS EXECUTED

WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH,

ON REASONABLE TERMS.